Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe were compremyzd,
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied,
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autume turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull ſhepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He ſtucke them vp before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambes, and thoſe were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.
Ant. This was a venture ſir, that *Iacob* ſer'ud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſwayd and faſhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſiluer, Ewes and Rams?
Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as faſt,
But note me ſignior.
Ant. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſhood hath.
Shy. Three thouſand ducats, tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You call me misbel
And ſpet vpon my
And all for vſe of th
Well then, it now a
Goe to then, you co
Shylocke, we would
You that did voyd y
And foote me as yo
Ouer your threſhol
What ſhould I ſay t
Hath a dog money?
A curre can lend thr
Shall I bend low, an
With bated breath,
Say this: Faire ſir, y
You ſpurn'd me ſuc
You call'd me dog:
Ile lend you thus m
Ant. I am as like
To ſpet on thee aga
If thou wilt lend thi
As to thy friends, fo
A breed for barren
But lend it rather to
Who if he breake, t
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why looke
I would be friends
Forget the ſhames t
Supply your preſen
Of vſance for my m
This is kinde I offer
Baſſ. This were k
Shy. This kindn
Goe with me to a N
Your ſingle bond, a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITIS